YOU REALLY GOT A SHORT FUSE, DON'T YOU?
WHAT?
YOU GOT TO ADMIT YOU'RE A LITTLE SENSITIVE.
WHY YOU SONOVA—
WE'RE INDENTURED SERVANTS, MR. WILSON. OUR BOSS OWNS OUR HOMES, THE GROCERY STORE, BASICALLY THE WHOLE TOWN. PAYS US SLAVE WAGES SO WE'RE ALWAYS INDEBTED TO HIM.
LOBSTER BOY HAS ALWAYS BEEN AN S.O.B., BUT IN THE LAST FEW MONTHS PEOPLE HAVE STARTED TO GO MISSING AND WE THINK IT'S HIM.
"LOBSTER BOY?"
MAYOR AND RICHEST MAN IN GIBSONTON, FLORIDA, BETTER KNOWN AS—
FREAKSVILLE! WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO!?
WE LIKE TO CALL IT SHOW-TOWN, U.S.A. AND JUST SO YOU KNOW, WE DON'T LIKE THE TERM "FREAKS"— WE PREFER "SPECIAL."
YOU'RE "SPECIAL" ALL RIGHT.
SO YOU'LL HELP US?
HELP YOU? I'M READY TO GET MY FREAK ON!

HOURS LATER...
AND WHY ARE WE STOPPIN' HERE AGAIN?
I REMEMBER THIS PLACE FROM MY STUNT-DRIVING DAYS. I ONCE JUMPED 18 BURNING MONSTER TRUCKS ON THIS HALLOWED GROUND.
SHOULDA FIGURED YOU'D CALL A FREAK-SHOW HOME.
PLACE HASN'T CHANGED A BIT.
SO WHAT'D YOU LIKE BEST ABOUT GROWING UP AS A CARNIE? GETTING TUCKED IN AT NIGHT BY THE BEARDED LADY?
WHAT I LIKED BEST WAS BEING AN ONLY CHILD.
NOTHING. I NEED A DRINK. WHERE'S THE BEER TENT?
WHAT?
THAT ALL YOU GOT?! YOU GUYS SHOOT LIKE WEASEL!
POP!
BOOYAH! YOU KIDS ARE LIKE FIREWOOD. ALWAYS GETTING BURNED!
THIS IS GETTING A LITTLE -- OKAY A LOT -- BORING. YOU GUYS ARE PITIFUL. GET SOME TARGET PRACTICE OR SHOOT EACH OTHER.

WELCOME TO THE THIRTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL GIBSONTON FAIR.
EVERY YEAR WE WELCOME ALL THE LOCALS AND SURROUNDING COMMUNITIES TO SHOW Y'ALL THAT WE CIRCUS FOLK ARE NO DIFFERENT THAN YOU.
GIBSONTON FAIR
BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH.
THIS IS ABOUT AS FUN AS A SARAH PALIN RALLY. LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH. OPTIONS?
Israeli sub-machine gun? Good old-fashioned mace? Bokuto sword? Throwing stars? Flamethrower, rocket launcher?
YOU PICK.
DESPITE THIS ANNUAL CARNIVAL IN YOUR HONOR AND OUR REPEATED EFFORTS TO REACH OUT, YOUR KIND HAS CONTINUED TO SHUN AND HARASS US. BUT THAT ALL CHANGES TODAY.
XAPHAN. ONE OF THE FALLEN.
BOY, EVERYONE'S COMING OUT OF THE WOOD-WORK.
NOW YOU WILL FEEL OUR WRA--
BLAM

WHUMP
THIRTY
GIB
LET'S SEE BULLSEYE MAKE THAT SHOT.
OKAY, YOU CAN THANK ME LATER.
I WILL FIND AND EAT THE BONES OF THEE WHO FIRED UPON ME. BE PREPARED TO DIE A MILLION DEATHS IN THE FIRES OF HELL!
IN THE MEANWHILE, BRING ALL THE NORMALS TO THE BIG TOP! SO THEY CAN JOIN OUR FLOCK!

DIDN'T SEE THAT ONE COMING.
OR THAT.
ARRRGH!
AARRGH!
I KNEW I SHOULD HAVE PACKED AN EXTRA SUIT. TRY GETTING BLOOD OUT OF YOUR COSTUME. NOT EASY.
WHAT THE--?

JUST WHEN I THOUGHT THE DAY WAS GOING TO HELL, LITERALLY--
I GET TO SHOOT ZOMBIES WITH A WATER HOSE. MAN I LOVE THIS JOB!
FWOOO

IMPROVISE!
BONK
NEVER CATCH SPIDER-MAN DOING THIS.
What? Be over-exposed?
WHAK
KONK
UH... COULD USE A LITTLE HELP HERE, BOYS!
LET ME TAKE THAT BACK. I NEED A LOT OF HELP HERE!

I SAID HELP! NOT BURNT CORNEAS! TURN OFF THE LIGHTS BEFORE YOU HURT MY BABY BLUES!
AR-CHHHHHHHHH!!!!
SCREEEEEEEH
GET ON.
IRRRRRRRRROOO
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
REGROUPING. WE NEED A PLAN. NOT A FOOL'S FIGHT.
GOOD WORK. LET'S GO!

NOW THIS IS MY KIND'A PARTY.
BUT WE DIDN'T BRING ANY PARTY GIFTS FOR THE HOST.
To get into the receiving line we're gonna need something.
MAYBE SOME CHEESE.
And crackers!
HOWDY THERE, JONBOY. LOOK, I'M ONE OF THE GOOD GUYS -- WELL, AT LEAST THIS ISSUE I AM -- I'M GONNA NEED YOUR --
GET AWAY FROM ME YOU FREAK!
DO YOU KISS YOUR SISTER WITH THAT MOUTH?! ACTUALLY, I ALREADY KNOW THE ANSWER TO THAT.
KRAK

SO YOUR BODY CAN REGENERATE ITSELF? COOL.
TRADE YOU FOR YOUR FLAMING SKULL, WAY COOLER.
SO...NOW THAT WE'VE SAVED THE DAY, WON THE HEARTS OF THE TOWNFOLK AND ARE READY TO RIDE INTO THE SUNSET...
UHM...IS THERE A PROTOCOL HERE? DO WE EXCHANGE NUMBERS? E-MAIL ADDRESSES? FACEBOOK ONE ANOTHER?
UHHHHM.
I DON'T CARE WHAT JUST HAPPENED!
GET BACK TO WORK AND CLEAN THIS TOWN UP BEFORE SOMEONE GETS FIRED!
YOU BUNCH'A LOSERS! I SHOULD JUST DOCK YOUR PAY FOR LETTING THIS EVEN HAPPEN!
OH NO HE DIDN'T! EXCUSE ME FOR A SEC.
DO I HAVE TO DO EVERYTH—

BLAM
REMEMBER, KIDS, IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED, SHOOT, SHOOT AGAIN.
LOOKED LIKE AN ACCIDENT TO ME.
ME TOO.
MR. DEADPOOL.
BEATRICE, WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE DINNER THIS EVENING?
WHY YES I WOULD.
PEACHY.
SHORT ROUND, CLEAN THIS GARBAGE UP BEFORE ANYONE ELSE SEES IT.
AND DON'T WAIT UP, IT'S GONNA BE A LATE NIGHT.
HOW WILL I EVER REPAY YOU, MR. DEADPOOL?
YOU COULD LET ME SHAVE YOU WITH MY SWORD.
LAST TIME YOU TRIED THAT, TIGRA GOT REALLY PISSED.
Yeah, especially since you didn't ask her.
THE END